

You and I

GREGORY SHERL

This morning we decide to build
a baby in your belly.

I call in sick to work and the toast tastes
better than it did yesterday.

I say *I want to make a baby that drops
from you like the 508 Parachute Infantry
Regiment during the D-Day landings.*

You say *You're some kind of sweet.*

I imagine bowling in a new pair of socks.

At Babies "R" Us, we look at strollers,
diaper bags, organic cotton burp cloths,
convertible cribs.

I check my checking account. I can't afford
the finished product so we put the baby on layaway.

You finger the fast forward button
on the remote control.

I touch your eye with my eye
and I can't see anything.

It tastes better than the bottled water
we drank from the refrigerator yesterday.